

IN MEMORY'S GARDEN

Bertha Grace Robie



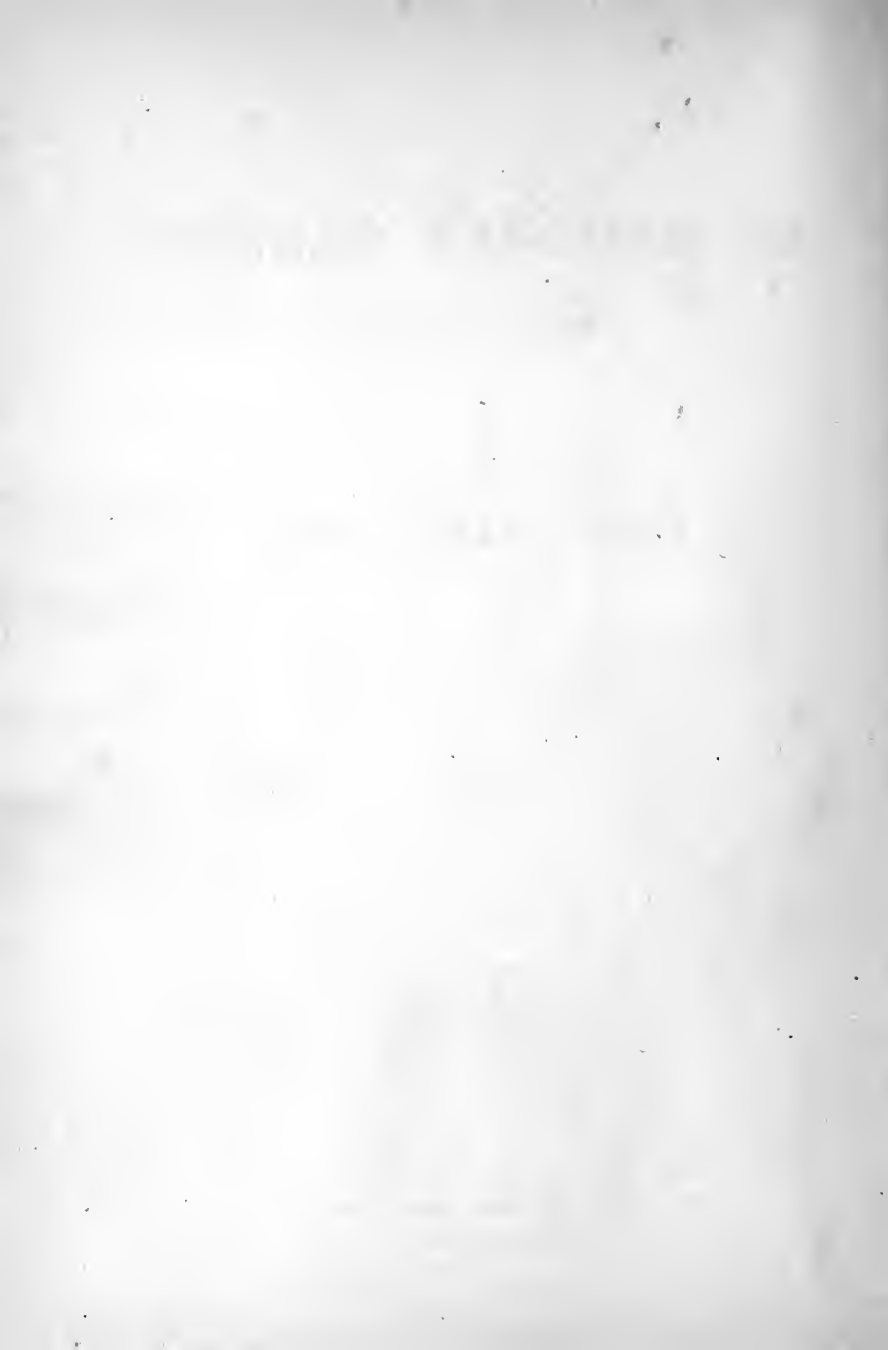
Class TP32 .92

Book Q215 .74

Copyright N^o 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





IN MEMORY'S GARDEN

BY

BERTHA GRACE ROBIE

5
6 7 8
2 3
1 4 5
9 10

THE NICHOLSON PRESS
RICHMOND, INDIANA

PS 3535
C 215 I 6
1.912

Copyright 1912, by
BERTHA GRACE ROBE.

3

125
©C.A.328886

ms. D 23'12



O THE friends who have made life brighter,

I send this small bouquet

Of blossoms, from memory's garden,

Gathered from day to day.

'Tis true they are simple flowers,

But oftentimes they reach the heart

When stately blooms droop in failure;

If so, they have done their part.



CONTENTS

TRAVELETTES

EN ROUTE.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD TANGIERS.

THE FAN SHOP IN SEVILLE.

ON SEEING MURILLO'S "MADONNA AND CHILD."

A VENITIAN NIGHT.

NOON IN SWITZERLAND.

HEIDELBERG.

HOLLAND.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AT BRUSSELS.

IN PARIS.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE INN.

A MORNING IN SCOTLAND.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

RHYMES

THE AFTERGLOW.

OH, HEART OF MINE.

THE KING'S CHEST.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

VALDOSTA.

ALONE.

THOSE EVENINGS AT MEHALL.

IN PASSING.



CONTENTS

NATURE'S EVENSONG.
IN DREAMLAND.
TO THEE, DEAR.
A LAMENT.
A FLORIDA AFTERNOON.
THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.

SONG POEMS

MAMMY'S LULLABY.
IN JUNE.
WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.
REMEMBRANCE.
IN MY LITTLE MOTOR BOAT FOR TWO.
SCOTTISH LOVE SONG.
FOR YOU.

TRAVELETTES

EN ROUTE

FROM out the sunset valley of the glorious, golden West,
We journey forth, with hearts athrill, upon a joyous
quest.

Though sorrows may o'ertake us, what pleasures there await,
Beyond the rough, gray portal of Gibraltar's frowning gate.

Long dream-days of sunshine, with skies of turquoise hue,
Fleecy, drifting clouds float by, soft white against the blue.
Moon-bright nights in number, when the great craft slowly
steams

O'er a watery carpet, threaded with phosphorescent gleams.

Out on the morning's stillness, sweet strains of melody float,
As if greeting the sight of land once more, with many a wel-
coming note.

For, green on the far horizon, the Azores islands rise,
Their slopes with tiny houses decked,—an earthly Paradise.

The joy-kissed days are over, and gliding with rhythmic
strain,

Past Africa's rocky coast-line, to the ruins of grand old
Spain;

The throbbing breath of the engines dies with the setting
sun,

And we bid adieu to Neptune, for our happy course is run.



A GLIMPSE OF OLD TANGIERS

CARESSSED by the burning fingers of Africa's golden sun,
The slumb'rous country of Allah stretches its length
along,

Weaving a spell of mystery 'round the wanderer, as he strays
Into the sandy vastness, or the tropical green by-ways.

In the soft, curved arm of the harbor, nestles quaint old
Tangiers,

Fanned by the ocean's breezes and bathed with her salty
tears.

Like a grim and guardian angel, the terraced battlements lie,
While the lace-like towers and minarets lift pale prayer-
hands to the sky.

And over all, the muezzin's call,

Like a benediction, seems to fall,

"Allah hu akbar."

Through the narrow winding street-ways, out to the Great
Socco,

The market-place and the playground, where alike, meet
friend and foe.

Where haughty Moor rubs shoulder with bartering, swarthy
Jew,

And pauper, keen, and peddler, raise aloud a cry and hue.

Dusky eyes and dreamy, above the yashmak's cloud,

A glimpse of what a Paradise might be, were it allowed.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD TANGIERS

Patient, brooding camels, freed of their heavy loads,
Rest, dozing in the noon-glare, relieved from torturing
goads.

And over all, the muezzin's call,
Like a benediction, seems to fall,
"Allah hu akbar."

Beyond, and down the bridle path, the villa's glistening
walls

Peep forth from gardens, brilliant with beauty that enthralls.
Blossoms of love's deep color, blush near those of paler tint,
The plashing of a fountain, and often times, a glint
Of summer's sun at mid-day. What must the witchery be
When darkness drops her mantle, and up, from out the sea,
A single star-beam beckons to the myriad hosts of night,
And in answer, the blue-black heavens are ablaze with
sparkling light?

And over all, the muezzin's call,
Like a benediction, seems to fall,
"Allah hu akbar."

THE FAN SHOP IN SEVILLE

O H, the fan shop in Seville,
Many pages could we fill
With word-pictures of the treasures found within its narrow door.
When, from out the sun's fierce glare,
One seeks cooling shadows there,
And forgets the world of real things and basks in Spanish lore.

There are fans of every size,
Small enough to hide the eyes
Of a saucy señorita, with the wiles of all the South;
And larger ones of lace,
To conceal her lovely face
With the dimples dancing madly 'round her rosy, laughing mouth.

Spangled gauze and ivory sticks,
Painted Cupids playing tricks
With rosy garlands. When 'tis wafted gently, to and fro,
One can see a patio, cool,
Fountains bubbling. In the pool
Float giant lilies, while sweet music from guitar strings,
whispers low.

THE FAN SHOP IN SEVILLE

There's the fan of paper, red,
Trimmed with yellow, but instead
Of Cupid's darts and arrows, are the banderilleros, bold,
For the bull fight, glaring, gay,
Is pictured in a way
To make it most attractive and alluring to behold.

Oh, the fan shop in Seville
Holds for travelers a thrill
Of pleasure and excitement, for they clearer knowledge
gain
Of life, not found in books,
By just a few close looks
At the fascinating, captivating fans of sunny Spain.

ON SEEING MURILLO'S "MADONNA AND CHILD"

(Pitti Gallery, Florence, Italy)

TRESSES of dusky night, waving above a brow,
Smooth and unmarked by the rough hand of Time;
Smiling red lips and soft cheeks gently glowing
With tints of a sea shell, in color, sublime.
Ah, but the eyes that look out at me, hauntingly,
Eyes dark and tender, deep wells filled with tears,
Sadness lies hidden behind their fringed curtainings,
Lifted, in longing, for peace-laden years.

Do they gaze into the mists of futurity,
When the world's sorrows, its cares and its strife
Shall burden the Little One, clasped there, so lovingly,
Near the fond mother-heart, pulsing with life?
Or do they see the gaunt shadow of destiny,
As the cross looms on the brow of the hill,
Thorn-laden head and the exquisite agony,
A cry—and her cherished Son, pale-faced and still?

Whate'er it be, oh fairest of womanhood,
That brings a faint cloud to those star eyes, so pure,
Soon it must lift, in the radiance reflected
From life with Divinity, safe and secure.
Look from your canvas, throughout all the coming years,
Plead with sad hearts, by sin oft beguiled,
Touching the chord that is vibrant with sympathy,
Draw them to you and the Holy Christ-Child.

A VENITIAN NIGHT

SILVERY moonlight filtered through clouds of fleecy
white,

Star-tips burn like fairy lamps in the dusky night;
Long, blue paths of water, threading between walls
And facades of old palaces, from which romance calls.

Languorously gliding, with every stroke a rhyme,
Gondola and gondolier in perfect tune and time;
Softly singing in the stillness, strains of "Marguerite,"
"Funiculì-Funiculà" and "'O Sole Mio," sweet.

Up and down the "Grand Canal," then through some dim
lagoon,
Past the "Doges' Palace," while the siftings of the moon
Fall on the great "Salute," with caressing beams of light,
Crowning all with glory, on this calm Venitian night.

NOON IN SWITZERLAND

OUT on the sea of the azure sky,
Billowy, white cloud-boats drift lazily by;
Sun-kissed are the hills, in their long cloaks of green
Fastened with ribbons of silvery sheen.

Slipping, at times, from pure shoulders of snow,
Rolling down gently, to valleys below,
Filled with bell-music, faint as sweet dreams,
As the herds, with their shepherds, seek the cool, rippling
streams.

Where are the sorrows, the cares and the strife,
That crowd to o'erflowing, the work-a-day life?
All vanished, and here, that gift from God's hand,
Gentle peace, reigns supreme, over sweet Switzerland.

HEIDELBERG

PICTURESQUE town, famed in song and in story,
Nestling in Germany's valley of green,
Guarded by forest-robed mountains that tower
Above the clear Neckar, winding slowly, between.

Out of the past, rise the castle's grand ruins,
Covered with ivy, the turrets and walls,
Hiding the marks made by war's blood-red fingers,
And draping the gloomy, baronial halls.

While in the present, the great university,
Cradle of learning though it may be,
Fosters the ancestral spirit of enmity,
And suffers the duel to flourish, in glee.

Barbarous practice by sons of the Fatherland,
Wearing their scars with a feeling of pride;
"Honor avenged" oft a meaningless substitute
For "honor debased," but conceit satisfied.

HOLLAND

HOLLAND, like a good mevrrouw,
Fair of face and hearty,
Sits amidst her tulip blooms,
Gowned as for a party.

White clouds form her head-dress, quaint,
And where the sky is bluest,
'Tis the gleaming of her eyes,
Tenderest and truest.

Petticoats of mossy green,
Billowy and flowing,
Held by silver linked canals,
Dykes, like buckles, showing.

Windmills fan her healthy cheek,
While their arms move slowly,
And the clatter of her shoes
Are wooden bridges, lowly.

Holland is a good mevrrouw,
Untroubled, calm and smiling;
Contentment sweet, she softly breathes
From rosy lips, beguiling.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AT BRUSSELS

MAGNIFICENT it stands. The white walls rise
In marble splendor to the Belgian skies.
The hand of man did cunningly create
A monument to justice—wondrous, great!
Yet this same hand, with all its skill and art,
Could not give perfume to the flower's heart,
Nor paint the shy, sweet violet's eye of blue,
Nor take away the flaming poppy's hue.
Gazing from flower stalls on the open "Square,"
To the glistening palace, calmly rising there,
A sense of man's humanity, how small,
For one great Mind, one Hand created all.

My dear Mr. [Name]
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well and happy.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know
that I am still in the same old place, and
hope you will be the same.

I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well and happy.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know
that I am still in the same old place, and
hope you will be the same.

I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well and happy.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know
that I am still in the same old place, and
hope you will be the same.

IN PARIS

AN artist's model was fair Georgette,
With dusky tresses and eyes of jet;
Red lips, awaiting a cigarette,
Or an airy kiss.

Slenderly dainty and full of grace,
A lissom figure, and flower-like face,
But a heart of fire beneath the lace
Of filmy white.

Tiny feet that weré never still,
At gay Maxim's, they danced with a will,
Till the sun rose over Montmartre hill,
And stars were dimmed.

Then love knocked gently at Georgette's heart,
Forgotten was dancing,—forgotten was art;
In her barren room, she dreamed, apart,
Sweet dreams of bliss.

But the artist went on his care-free way,
"Dark eyes yesterday—blue, today."
Oh, the world was happy, and life was gay,
In the studio.

His Paris was made for laughter, not tears,
A joyous song, and a cup that cheers.
While Georgette waited throughout the years,
With an aching heart.

PÈRE LA CHAISE

GREAT city of worn, tired minds, of dumb sealed lips
and closed eyes,

Grown weary with Life's fretful cares, and sleeping 'neath
the starry skies.

By day, the sun's warm fingers lay bright wreaths upon the
grassy mounds,

And chants by feathered songsters fill the air with sweet,
melodious sounds.

At night, the moonbeams fall aslant the glittering marble
monuments,

While tears of dew fall tenderly on sacred ground, with
reverence.

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE INN

THROUGH the midst of London's traffic,
Runs a modern, old-world street.

A rhyming contradiction,

But here, past and present meet.

Irregular the buildings,

Old shops and signs abound,

While above the din of commerce,

The throbbing presses sound.

From off the busy thoroughfare

Turn alleys, courts and lanes,

Where ancient taverns prospered,

The haunts of men of brains;

Old Cheshire Cheese among them

(Where Johnson oft would dine

In company with Goldsmith),

Now, a literary shrine.

The sanded floor, and benches

Of seasoned, well-worn wood;

The long and narrow tables,

Where many times has stood

The ever famous "pudding;"—

And mugs of punch and ale,

While over all there hovered

The pipe-smoke's misty veil.

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE INN

That wit and humor flourishes
Now, as well as then,
Is proven by the "album,"
With drawings from the pen
Of many a noted artist;
While those less known to fame,
Content themselves by scribbling
Just a word—a rhyme—a name.

A MORNING IN SCOTLAND

GONE are the tear drops from Scotland's blue eyes,
And instead of a dark, lowering frown,
She wears a sweet smile and puts forth a warm hand,
In a welcome to Edinburgh town.

Through the streets long since trodden by martyrs for faith,
Whose valorous deeds are oft told,
We wander and dream of the days of romance,
Of fair ladies and warriors bold.

Till the call of the bagpipes sounds piercingly clear
And free, on the still morning air,
Then the gay knights of history lose all their charms,
And the men of today take their share.

For the kilties are passing, with colors awhirl,
A riot of blue, green and red;
A dazzle of silver and streamers of black,
Blithely wave from each bonneted head.

Oh, brave sons of Scotia, should the motherland call
For your sword-arms, to fight in her frays,
You'd give them, with gladness and freedom from fear,
As did they, in the long-ago days.

A MORNING IN SCOTLAND

For courage dies not in the passing of years,
It lies buried deep in the heart,
And if, in a lifetime, the call fails to come,
'Tis the lack of a chance to take part.

So here's to the kilties, the bonny, gay lads!
In memory we'll see them again,
Stepping briskly, in time, as the bagpipes shrill forth,
"The March of the Cameron Men."

HOMeward BOUND

HOME! How the sweet word calling
O'er the miles of ocean blue,
Sends a throb to our hearts, of longing
For familiar friends and true.

Forgotten are all the splendors
Of castles and ruins, grand;
Lost in the haste to answer
The call of our own dear land.

What if its newness rankles,
And the glitter of gold appals,
And homes are not as picturesque
As ivy-grown, crumbling walls.

They are ours. The faults and the follies
Of a country in its youth,
And we thrill in the pride of possession,
When our hearts lay bare the truth.

So we start on our Westward journey,
Across the waves' white foam;
For, more precious than all crown jewels,
Shine the harbor lights of home.

RHYMES



THE AFTERGLOW

WHEN sinks the sun, all golden red,
 Into the lake, below,
Swiftly follows the softness of the shaded tints—
 The afterglow.

So when the flame of passion dies
 With youth's glad days, we know
There'll come the gentle touch before the end—
 Life's afterglow.

OH, HEART OF MINE

GRAY is the sky and gray is the sea,
And gray is the mood that envelops me,
As alone, my thoughts drift out to thee,
Oh, heart of mine.

The waves on the rocky shore roll high,
Within my heart is a lonely cry,
For thou art gone, with a last good-bye,
Lost heart of mine.

Beneath the burden of passing years,
My shoulders bend, and the salty tears
Blind tired eyes, while my listening ears,
Dear heart of mine,

Are tuned to thy call from the land of dreams,
To which thou hast hastened, too soon, it seems,
But thy beckoning hand, in the darkness gleams,
Oh, heart of mine,

And the gray pall rises. For over there,
A golden cloud-bank makes all things fair,
And a promise of faith with thee I share,
Sweetheart of mine.

THE KING'S CHEST

AN odd collection, true, of antique chests,
From hidden corners of the shadowy past,
Brought forth into the glittering day, at last,
And on each one, a musty fragrance rests.
On leather, dark, and stained with Time's bequests,
A quaint design, outlined with nails of brass,
Closed with a lock, upon whose surface fast,
Is graven a tiny crown; of all the crests
Most kingly. For to George it did belong.
The marked initials "G. R.," there below,
Proclaim the truth, "The King can do no wrong."
Methinks then, that this chest was used to stow
The tender missives, or perchance, a song,
But ne'er a stern command to cause dread woe.

AT CLOSE OF DAY

THE twilight hour, when evening shadows creep
 Along the edge of day,
'Tis then sweet, sad-eyed memory comes to soothe
 And cheer us on our way.

Calmed by her presence, we unfold our hearts
 Filled with the fleeting years,
Some, bright with splashes of joy and hope,
 Others, blotted and blurred with tears.

We wander back. Awake, yet half asleep;
 Alive to all the past.
Into our eyes there steals the mist of dreams,
 Night hold the twilight, fast.

VALDOSTA

JOYS of the summer land, after the bitter blasts
Blown from grim Winter's cheeks, blustery and chill;
Joys that are dreams come true,
'Neath skies of softened blue,
Joys that bring youth to you, proffered, at will.

Sunshine drops gently, bright curtains of cloth of gold,
Clambering red roses fling out their green arms;
Pale cheeks of lilies, white,
Like stars on a dusky night,
Unfold to friendly light, delicate charms.

Purple of violets sweet, mingle with leafy green,
Patches of color in gardens, run riot;
Vines twine in graceful wreaths,
Palms wave broad, sheltering leaves,
While over all there breathes, a holy quiet.

Caressing, faint breezes bring spice from the woodsy pine,
Long, feathering droops of moss, hoary and gray,
Hang from the branches, high,
Slowly, they swing and sigh,
Soft veils of mist they lie, through the calm day.

"Valley of rest" it is, peacefully languorous,
Where sweet are the kisses from Summer's warm mouth.
Life's golden hours slip fast,
Into a shadowy past,
Oh, that the dream might last,—dream of the South.

ALONE

INTO a future, hedged about with years,
Years, gray and dull, as Winter's cheerless sky,
My path leads forth, a long and lonely way,
Where shadows lie.

In the dim past, with you beside, dear heart,
The sun shone clear; the roses fresh with bloom,
O'erhung the gateway leading into life,
No fear of gloom.

The great Unknown,—its call you answered, love,
And left me all alone, to struggle on,
But when the night has passed and with it, cares,—
Ah, then,—the dawn.

THOSE EVENINGS AT MEHALL

HIGH on the bluff, embowered in green,
Rests a rich casket of treasures, galore.
Each one tells a story, and each holds a theme
For a poet or painter to add to his store.
Scattered about, in disorderly charm,
By the hand of a master,—bewitching array,
Brought from far countries, whose mystery thrills,
To deck Mehall Cottage, o'erlooking the bay.

'Twas here, where the moonshine steals creepingly in,
Those evenings were spent, in the dear golden past,
With music and laughter, and ofttimes a sigh
And a wish that the dream-nights forever might last.
But they're gone and along with them, beautiful youth,
That tarries awhile, then fades into years,
But leaves in its wake, those rich friendships, true,
To gladden the heart, drenched with grim sorrow's
tears.

IN PASSING

GAILY decked bushes of the autumn's tint,
Red with the warmth of summer's passing flame,
Break into splendor, after showers of rain,
And these are joys.

Dark, melancholy brown of gaunt, dead limbs,
Flung ghost-like, from the bitter tree of life,
Cast shadows, as they fall, on paths of strife,
And these are sorrows.

Sunlight and shadow, and the twilight dim,
The grayish mystery of birth and death,
A hovering—a pause—a catch of breath,
And life is done.

NATURE'S EVENSONG

DOWN the distant hillsides, creep the purple shadows,
Covering with a blanket soft, all the little streams;
Through the giant pine trees, croon the gentle breezes,
Murmuring tender melodies and lulling them to dreams.

Tiny night-lamps sparkle in the fragrant silence,
Flaming fireflies dart about, gleaming, golden things;
While the sweet, low twitter of a feathered nestling,
Breaks upon the stillness, till hushed 'neath mother-
wings.

Nature, calm and peaceful, mindful of her children,
When the darkness deepens, filled with haunting fears,
Sends the Unseen Finger to part the dusky curtains,
And like a guardian angel, the silver moon appears.

IN DREAMLAND

IN the land of my dreams, I am roaming with you,
Through fields of romance, beneath skies of soft blue;
Where the whispering breeze and your dark eyes, so true,
Are calling to me.

My heart answers, love, to the thrill of your call,
And lonely, I wait till the dark shadows fall,
Then the hand of sweet sleep drops her curtaining pall,
And I wander with you.

The hills of gray doubt rise out of the mist,
But in dreamland we climb them with feet arrow-kissed,
To find at their summits, the deep amethyst
Of love's sweet reward.

O'er the river of Time, the frail bridge disappears,
What care we, when stepping stones lead through the years
And we leave in the past, the valley of tears
For meadows of bliss.

Ah, love, in the land of my dreams, all is fair.
So may the future be; this is my prayer;
For all things can come to the brave ones who dare
To wander and wait.

TO THEE, DEAR

THE golden sheen of twinkling stars
 Drifts on thy path, dear,
As it leads on, where calmly wait,
 The stars and I, dear.

The fragrant hush of summer's night
 Breathes softly sweet, dear,
In whispered cadence of the love we bear,
 The night and I, dear.

The silvery beams among the leaves
 Caress thy brow, dear;
A saintly halo do we both bestow,
 The moon and I, dear.

The stars, the night and the fair moon,
 May love thee true, dear,
But I, alone, can fold thee close,
 And call thee mine, dear.

A LAMENT

C RUEL Sorrow hath o'ertaken me,
And softly, at my side,
With furrowed brow and visage gray,
Her stealthy footsteps glide.
Through pathways dim, we wander,
Till, unbidden, flow my tears,
For day and night alike, are dark
In this valley of shadowed years.
Is there such a thing as happiness?
The question comes each day;
If so, why does not bitter Fate
Drop a little in my way?
Is life all sadness, all despair,
One long moan of distress?
Oh, shine, thou star of Hope, let me find
By thy bright light,—happiness.

A FLORIDA AFTERNOON

THE low hung boughs of blossom-laden trees,
Send truant wisps of sweetly scented breeze,
Out o'er the blue of sunlit, summer seas,
To me, afloat.

The waters dimple, as peacefully we glide,
The white sails swell with arrogance and pride;
Drifts slowly, like the veil of some fair bride,
Our foamy wake.

Oh, day of bliss! 'Tis Florida in Spring,
Joys as elusive as yon distant bird, awing,
That sends to earth its faint, sweet twittering
Of golden notes,

Then soars aloft to fleecy-clouded tower.
Love tarries too, but for its "perfect hour,"
Blooms glowing, like the red hibiscus flower,
And quickly fades.

When Nature, vain, bestows magnificence
With lavish hand, enrapturing sight and sense,
Life is soon lived, with vividness, intense,
Then—dreamless sleep.

THE MUSIC OF THE HEART

THERE is always a song in every life,
That can not be fully sung,
Till the finger of Sorrow rules the staff,
And the chords from the heart are wrung.

'Tis true that there pours forth a minor strain,
With cadences sad, yet dear,
Athrill with the cry of an aching heart,
And the plash of a falling tear.

But the melody lingers, with haunting delight,
When joy-songs are dreams of the mist;
And tenderly cherished, the chords full of pain,
Prove pleasures which Sorrow has kissed.

SONG POEMS

MAMMY'S LULLABY

MAMMY'S gwine ter rock huh lam',
Bye-lo, bye-lo,
In de ebenin', still an' ca'm,
Bye-lo, bye.
Gre't big moon a-lookin' down,
On muh lil one, so brown,
Sweetes' lam' in Georgy town,
Bye-lo, honey.

Stahs am twinklin' up so high,
Bye-lo, bye-lo,
Spa'klin' fi'-flies in de sky,
Bye-lo, bye.
When yuh gits ter sleepy lan',
Yuh kin catch 'em in yo' han',
Dey's as tame as "Bunnie man,"
Bye-lo, honey.

Cricket's cheepin' in de grass,
Bye-lo, bye-lo,
Ol' owl hootin' down de pass,
Bye-lo, bye.
Lil curly haid drop low,
Mammy'll rock 'im—jus' as slow,—
Fo' he done gone wher' "sleepies" go,
Bye-lo, honey.



IN JUNE

THE sky is bluer
And love is truer,
In June.

The flowers are sweeter
And clouds are fleeter,
In June.

And over the landscape the sunlight falls,
From out the woodland the wild bird calls,
And the roses climb over the old stone walls,
In June.

My sweetheart in white
Is my heart's delight,
In June.

Her golden hair
Catches sunshine there,
In June.

Her blue eyes, like a forget-me-not flower,
Have over me a most wonderful power,
As we sit alone in the shady bower,
In June.

IN JUNE

I sing of love,
My devotion I prove,
In June.

She then tells me
That mine she'll be,
"Next June."

And the world is lost to us in a kiss,
Surely there's nothing can compare with this,
And really, now, do you think it amiss,
In June?

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE

WHEN the twilight shadows, falling,
 Turn the sunset's gold to gray,
And the evening breezes whisper to departing day;
When each tiny bird has sought his nest,
To tell the one that he loves best,
The same sweet love song, in the dear old way.
'Tis then I'm filled with longing for my sweetheart's smiling
 face,
Framed in Southern roses, down in Dixie land.
In my dreams I seem to see her, as she leans from out the
 door,
With a gladsome welcome in her eyes, her heart and hand.

Chorus:

When my dreams come true, when my dreams come true,
Then you'll be my little girlie all the long years through.
In the dark and stormy weather, you will comfort me,
For the clouds will surely lighten when your eyes I'll see.
And in May days, fair, when the balmy air
Of the Springtime whispers gently, to all maids, "Beware;"
You'll be mine, dear, to cherish, when skies are blue,
For we'll always be together, when my dreams come true.

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE

Then the morning dawns with splendor,
Glist'ning golden, like her hair,
And I wander through days' garden, seeking solace there,
But the blue-bells tell me of her eyes,
The tulip smiles in sweet surprise,
The lily, with her purity, so rare,
Reminds me of my Southern flower, my lily, fair and tall,
Who waits for me, where meet those rippling streams,
And my arms reach out to clasp her and to fold her to my
heart,
But alas, I'm roaming, lonely, through my vale of dreams.

Chorus:

When my dreams come true, when my dreams come true,
Then you'll be my little girlie all the long years through.
In the dark and stormy weather, you will comfort me,
For the clouds will surely lighten when your eyes I'll see.
And in May days, fair, when the balmy air
Of the Springtime whispers gently, to all maids, "Beware;"
You'll be mine, dear, to cherish, when skies are blue,
For we'll always be together, when my dreams come true.

REMEMBRANCE

A TENDER longing for the past,
Falls softly on me, as the dew,
A backward glance, which makes my days,
Alive with dearest thoughts of you.

A voice I hear, recalls your own,
Now stilled, but then, so fond and true;
Alas, it makes my twilight hours,
Alive with memories of you.

The smiles upon a stranger's face,
Oft thrill me, as no others do;
The faint resemblance makes my nights,
Alive with sweet, sad dreams of you.



IN MY LITTLE MOTOR BOAT FOR TWO

JUST a man and a maid, and a moon looking down
From the soft, dreamy dusk of the sky;
And bright star-lamps that twinkle in radiance serene,
Little eyes ever winking from on high.
Oh, many, many are the stories they could tell to you
Of the wooing of this man and maiden, gay;
How the clear, rippling water, and the hum of the motor,
Join voices to his pleading tones and say:

Chorus:

"Sweetheart, come take a spin with me,
Far out upon the summer sea,
To the island of bliss, where each breeze is a kiss,
The waves holding hands, murmur low on the sands, 'Dearie.'
See how the moon-man sheds his light,
Making a pathway, golden bright,
To the loveland, ever new, won't you come with me,—do—
In my little motor boat for two?"

Gently rocking and swaying, the little white boat,
Tugs away as it tries to be free.
While the maid blushes coyly, and asks the poor man,
"Did you ever love before you first saw me?"

"There may have been some little girlies who have gone
before,

But there'll never be another, now, my dear."

The man sings on sweetly, Mr. Moon hides discreetly,

For he hears the same old story every year.

Chorus:

"Sweetheart, come take a spin with me,

Far out upon the summer sea,

To the island of bliss, where each breeze is a kiss,

The waves holding hands, murmur low on the sands, 'Dearie.'

See how the moon-man sheds his light,

Making a pathway, golden bright,

To the loveland, ever new, won't you come with me,—do—

In my little motor boat for two?"

A SCOTTISH LOVE SONG

WE wandered through the heather,
Misty white and purple heather,
While the breezes fanned us gently,
With a breath of balmy June;
And happiness walked with us,
And youth and love, beside.
And life was bright with promise
And the laughter of my bride.
The river sang in rapture,
"Dear heart, Sweet heart."
In echo came my answer,
"Dear heart, Sweet heart."

Chorus:

Oh, my Highland lassie, my bonnie Scotch lassie,
Your eyes so blue, your heart so true, and all the winsome
grace of you,
In memory lingers, as I clasp your fingers,
As in days gone by, when you and I, were happy in our love.

And now I roam the moorland,
Gray and bleak, the chilly moorland.
And the wind is sighing softly,
Through the willows on the shore.



A SCOTTISH LOVE SONG

For happiness, departing,
Has left me only tears,
And life's a dreary waiting,
With the slowly passing years.
The river moans in anguish,
"Lone heart, Sad heart."
From out the dark, a whisper,
"Lone heart, Take heart."

Chorus:

Oh, my Highland lassie, my bonnie Scotch lassie,
Your eyes so blue, your heart so true, and all the winsome
 grace of you,
In memory lingers, as I clasp your fingers,
As in days gone by, when you and I, were happy in our love.

FOR YOU

THE same stars watch o'er you, dear heart,
The same moon's soft, pale light,
Makes bright your way as well as mine,
Though far apart tonight.

Divided thus, it seems that all
The lamps in the midnight sky,
Would scarce suffice, should I try to count
The miles that between us lie.

But though apart, may the moon and stars
Tell of a heart that is true,
Whose every beat is fraught with love
For some one, and that is you, dear heart,
For some one, and that is you.







DEC 17 1912



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 392 205 1